

Wild Bill Jones

WILD BILL JONES 4138 52A1

Troy Camberon Arvin, 1940

As I went out fer to take a little walk I walked upon that Wild Bill Jones He was walking and a-talking, my true love sighed And forbid him to leave her alone.

My age is just twenty-one - Not fer to be controlled I drew my revolver from my side And destroyed that poor boy's soul.

He kicked and he scrambled and he fell upon the ground And he gave one dyin' groan I threw my arms round my little gal's neck Sayin' Baby you'll be left alone.

A dollar in my pocket And a forty-four in my hand Jes' come on boys let's have a little drink For I have this money to spend.

Jes' pass around your long neck bottle And we'll all get on a spree For today is the last of Wild Bill Jones And tomorrow'll be the last of me.